

Emil. By that you would have pittie in another,
By your owne vertues infinite.

Hip. By valour,
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you.

Thes. These are strange Conjurings. (our dangers,

Per. Nay then lie in too: By all our friendship Sir, by all
By all you love most, warres; and this sweet Lady.

Emil. By that you would have trembled to deny
A blushing Maide.

Hip. By your owne eyes: By strength
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yeelded *Thesem.*

Per. To crowne all this; By your most noble soule
Which cannot want due mercie, I beg first.

Hip. Next heare my prayers.

Emil. Last let me intreate Sir.

Per. For mercy.

Hip. Mercy.

Emil. Mercy on these Princes.

Thes. Ye make my faith reele: Say I felt
Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it?

Emil. Vpon their lives: But with their banishments.

Thes. You are a right woman, Sister; you have pittie,
But want the vnderstanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer then banishment: Can these two live
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
The yld fight about you; howrely bring your honour
In publique question with their Swords; Be wise then
And here forget 'em; it concernes your credit,
And my oth equally: I have said they die,
Better they fall by 'th law, then one another.
Bow not my honor.

Emil. O my noble Brother,
That oth was rashly made, and in your anger,
Your reason will not hold it, if such vowes
Stand for expresse will, all the world must perish.

Beside

Beside, I have another oth, gainst your
Of more authority, I am sure more lov
Not made in passion neither, but good

Thes. What is it Sister?

Per. Urge it home brave Lady.

Emil. That you would nev'r deny
Fit for my modest suit, and your free g
I tye you to your word now, if ye fall.
Thinke how you maim your honour
(For now I am set a begging Sir, I am
To all but your compassion) how, the
Might breed the ruine of my name; O
Shall any thing that loves me perish fo
That were a cruell wisdom, doe men
The straight yong Bowes that blush w
Because they may be rotten? O Duke
The goodly Mothers that have groan
And all the longing Maides that ever
If your vow stand, shall curse me and
And in their funerall songs, for these
Despise my crueltie, and cry woe wor
Till I am nothing but the scorne of w
For heavens sake save their lives, and l

Thes. On what conditions?

Emil. Swear 'em never more
To make me their Contention, or to
To tread upon thy Duke dome, and to
Where ever they shall travel, ever str

Pal. He be cut a peeces

Before I take this oth, forget I love h
O all ye gods dispise me then: Thy B
I not mislike, so we may fairely carry
Our Swords, and cause along, else nev
But take our lives Duke, I must love a
And for that love, must and dare kill
On any peece the earth has.

Thes. Will you *Arcise*
Take these conditions?